

## Home Circle.

### THE GOOD WE ALL MAY DO.

Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by!

There are lonely hearts to cherish,  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish,  
While the days are going by!

If a smile we can renew,  
As our journey we pursue;  
Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by!

There's no time for idle scorning,  
While the days are going by;  
Let your face be like the morning,  
While the days are going by!

Oh, the world is full of sighs,  
Full of sad and weeping eyes;  
Help your fallen brother rise,  
While the days are going by!

All the loving links that bind us,  
While the days are going by;  
One by one we leave behind us,  
While the days are going by!

But the seeds of good we sow,  
Both in shade and sun will grow,  
And will keep our hearts aglow,  
While the days are going by!

Oh, the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by!

—Rosa Bell Holt.

### HOME.

When we speak of home we each think of some spot that is dearer to us than any other. There are few human beings without a home or the memory of one. But how different are our homes. The vast multitude that passes through the street will to-night each seek some place which he calls home. There are those who roll through the streets in fine livery to a palace where brilliant lights peep through the lace curtains to welcome them, where gorgeous tapestry and plush carpets and great easy chairs await their coming. There are those, who in the dreary winter, wade the snow and at last reach a damp and dreary cellar or a rickety garret of some wretched hovel. No light, no music, no cheerful voice awaits them, nothing but a crust and a bed of straw and yet this is home.

There is still another class of homes where peace and joy and love and contentment dwell where each person must work with willing hands to keep the wolf from the door. But whether the home be a palace, a cottage or a garret, it is home. Our homes are what we make them, they are in our very souls. The face is the mirror which portrays the inward home. Watch

the expression on the face of a person, who has long been away from loved ones, when you speak of home. We have each, no doubt, seen how many are affected by the sound of that word.

At Castle Garden, New York, a few years ago a large crowd had gathered to listen to the sweet-voiced singer, Jenny Lind. At first she sang some of the most popular compositions of the great masters and was met with an applause loud and long. But, at length, she poured forth that immortal song "Home Sweet Home." Peal on peal of thunderous applause rang out on the air, until the song was stopped by the very ecstasy of those who listened and when that soft refrain was heard again, that mass of humanity was melted into tears. The body may exist without a home, but the heart never.

The world called Howard Payne a homeless wanderer, yet he had in his heart a home that kings and peasants would have been glad to have entered. What a great responsibility rests upon him who would make a true home. For the founding of a home is as sacred a work as the founding of a church. Indeed, every home should be a temple where human beings through life should worship God through the service of mutual love—the highest tribute man can pay to the Divine. It becomes necessary to confine each individual to a small part of the world, to give each human mind a place of retreat from its noise and care. This God has done in the institution of home and makes us to realize with the poet that—

"Home's not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded:  
Home is where affection calls,  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!  
Home! Go watch the faithful dove,  
Sailing 'neath the Heaven above us!  
Home is where there's one to love!  
Home is where there's one to love us!"

MINNIE METSKER.

WE crave good gifts—wealth, perhaps, or fame, or love. But do we think what they mean? Responsibility; and responsibility means work and self-denial. Happiness is the unknown quantity which is continually working itself out by holding to these.—E. S. Leonard.

ALL wise work is mainly three-fold in character: it is honest, useful and cheerful.—Ruskin.

### A WELL-ORDERED HOME.

If every woman would set it before her, as an aim worthy of all that is strongest and best in her, to conduct a well-ordered home, a great deal of happiness and real beauty would be gained. It is wonderful to see how much ingenuity is displayed by some women, who, with very little money, are always dressed in perfect taste, and with no apparent effort, keep old furniture from looking shabby, old carpets and curtains fresh and bright. But these things are accomplished by much thought and a great deal of hard work. Nothing helps a person to do things like doing them; and it is a fact that in time one who has an actual distaste for housework may come to regard her kitchen as a laboratory, in which careful manipulations will produce exact results. Of course there is a difference in people, but many would be surprised if they were told that the reason why they cannot do certain things is because they never really tried. A capital motto to be hung over the kitchen door is this, "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts;" and the woman who, when she expected company to tea, always went the first thing and washed the cellar stairs, had tendencies in the right direction. "If there is to be any dirt in the house," said the best housekeeper I ever saw, "let it be where I can see it; let it lay on the parlor tables and chairs, rather than be allowed to remain under the beds and in corners where it will become rich soil for the development of germs of disease."

Meyersdale, Pa.

M.

THE wheels in a watch or clock move contrary to one another, some one way, some another, yet all serve the intent of the workman, to show the time or to make the clock strike. So in the world, the providence of God may seem to run cross to his promises; one man takes this way, one man runs that way; good men go one way, wicked men another. Yet all in conclusion accomplish the will and center in the purpose of God, the creator of all good things.—Sibbs.

THE hiding places of man are discovered by affliction. As one has aptly said, "Our refuges are like the nests of birds—in summer they are hidden away among the green leaves, but in winter they are seen among naked branches."